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Ballad-Song.

FROM "FAUST."

There was a king in Thulé,
Right faithful unto the grave;
To whom his mistress dying
A golden beaker gave.

Was naught to him more precious,—
He drains it at every bout;
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

And when he felt him dying,
His cities he reckoned up;
Of all to his heir grudged nothing,
Except this little cup.

To kingly feast he sat him,
Midst knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
Drank off his last life's-glow,
Then tossed the holy beaker
Into the flood below.

He watched it falling, drinking,
Deep sinking in the sea;
His eyes with it were sinking,
Never drop more drank he.

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of Dr. HEINRICH VON KREISSE.

(Concluded from page 130.)

Schubert certainly did not answer all the requirements of an opera composer. But, judging from what he has accomplished in this kind of music, he could have become a master in it; and nothing justifies denying him the talent for it, or regarding him as a composer whose *exclusive* calling was song writing. He had never been through the indispensable routine for theatre music; but this would have been acquired with time. And then we must not lose sight of the fact, that a portion of his operas were composed purely from his own inward impulse, without any reasonable hope of seeing them represented on the stage, whereby he might have gained encouragement and the necessary practice in a kind of music dependent on such peculiar conditions for its success. It is high time now perhaps that these works were no longer withheld from the public,—at least the larger ones, which, partly through intrigues, partly through the changeable fortunes of the Vienna opera theatre, have never been performed.

Besides those already mentioned, Schubert has left seven unfinished operas, namely: "The Minnesinger"; "Adrastus" (words by Mayrhofer); "Die Bürgschaft" (the hostage); "Sakontala"; and "The Count von Gleichen." Of these "Sakontala" perhaps, in its whole design, promised to be the greatest and the most important.

Schindler relates the following fact. After the removal of the kapellmeister Krebs to Hamburg, Schubert applied for the situation of director at the imperial opera theatre. This was in 1826. For this end he wrote an opera, to prove his capacity as an operatic composer. But it got no further than a general rehearsal. The solo part of Fräulein Schechner was so difficult, as to exceed her powers. But Schubert would not consent to any sort of alteration or abbreviation, and preferred rather to withdraw from the candidacy. The opera must have been "Fierabras."

The score of "Die Bürgschaft" (dated May 2, 1816) contains two completely finished acts, and one aria with chorus of the third act. The poet of the libretto is not named; the action is conformed to that of Schiller's well known ballad.

The first act contains a chorus, an aria (of Merus), followed by two choruses, then again an air by Mœrus, and one by Dionysius; next follows a romanza of Anna, a duet between Ismene and Iulus, and the finale (Anna, Theages, Ismene, Iules and chorus of the guard).

The second act begins with an introduction, which passes into a recitative and aria of Mœrus. Upon this follows a trio (Anna, Ismene, Iulus), a duet (Anna, Philostratus), a quartet of the four robbers, and the finale.—Of the third act, only an aria of Theages, with chorus, is composed. In all there are fifteen pieces of music.

Of "Sakontala" (October 1820) we have the sketch of two acts, in which the following pieces are indicated: Introduction (Kanna, Sakontala, Gautami and chorus); aria (Duschmanta); aria (Sukontala); chorus of wood nymphs; aria (Madhavia); and Finale (Sakontala, Gautami, Duschmanta, chorus of boys and hermits, and celestial voices at the close of the act).

The second act contains a trio (two bailiffs and a fisherman); a quartet (Sakontala, Menaka and two maidens); a quintet (Amusina, Briamonda, Darwasas and two demons); a septet (Sukontala, Menaka, Duschmanta, Madhavia, hermit and two female playmates); finally an aria of Kanna; in all eleven numbers.

Of the opera "The Count von Gleichen" (begun in 1827), libretto by Kotzebue, it is said that a complete sketch exists, though only partly instrumented.

This concludes our cursory survey of Schubert's artistic industry.

For a long time his compositions remained unknown to the largest public. At first it was a few songs which penetrated into wider circles. It would be coming near the truth, if we fixed upon the year 1820 as that, in which his works began to be known and prized in Vienna, and his fame to spread itself abroad. In North Germany Reichardt and Zelter reigned with their atrope songs, and not until some time after his death did Schubert penetrate victoriously there too; indeed among his instrumental compositions the C major Symphony first came to performance and recog-

nition in the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig. In Vienna the partiality for his songs continued unimpaired, until, in consequence of the musical indifference which came over people, and partly on account of the difficulty of his accompaniments, second and third-rate composers gained the upper hand with their decidedly weak productions. But the reaction did not fail to come; and the recent direction of the public taste to better things turned of its own accord again to the imperishable works of Schubert.

In France Schubert became known about the year 1829; and at one time it was said, that he was to be called to Paris, to write an opera for the Academy. A few years later his songs were sung in all Parisian circles; their words were translated, and they were published in the most elegant style. The singer Wartel contributed especially to give them circulation, having had great success in their delivery.

In January 1835 Nourrit sang "The young Nun," with orchestral accompaniment, in a concert of the Paris Conservatoire. The composition excited a vast deal of attention, but was rendered no doubt in a very theatrical manner, as the very title, under which they announced it, indicates; "La religieuse, scène avec orchestre." The following review appeared in the *Journal des Debats*.

"La Religieuse, scene, with orchestra, by Schubert, sung by A. Nourrit.—A young nun, alone in her cell, listens with terror to the roaring of the sea, which, lashed by the winds, breaks with a dull murmur at the foot of the tower, where the recluse watches. Agitated by a secret passion, her heart encloses a storm still more terrible. She prays, the lightning responds. Her agitation and her terrors are redoubled, when the hymn of her companions, assembled for prayer in the convent chapel, rises to her; her voice unites itself with their religious chants, and the calm of heaven returns into her soul. Such is the subject of the little poem, which the composer had to develop. He has made a masterpiece of it. Those continual *tremoli* of the violins, that sinister phrase of the basses, which responds to each of the interjections of the nun, those blasts of brass, which seem to want to crush the voice, but all in vain, and above all the admirable expression of the song part, all is the work of a consummate dramatist. Ah! poor Schubert! To die at the age of twenty-five (!), with such a musical future! This young composer, whose light Vienna has seen go out before its time, has left two (!) volumes of pieces for one or more voices, which are to our bashful French romances, as the overture to *Coriolan* is to that of the nightingale; some operas, which are unknown to us, and several quatuors, and septuors (!) for stringed instruments, in which elevation of style disputes precedence with originality of form. Artistic Europe in some years will appreciate all the riches of the legacy which Schubert has bequeathed to it; attention doubtless will not be confined to the *Religieuse*; we can now execute

all the rest, and thus render justice to the author—since he is dead. Nourrit sang this admirable page of one of the greatest poet musicians of Germany with soul and intelligence. It is honorable for him, that he has known how to comprehend the sensibility and real inspiration contained in the songs of Schubert; and it is certain that Schubert, happily, contains nothing of what certain people call melody."

Several of Schubert's songs have also been translated into the Italian, particularly those which are best adapted to the Italian style of singing. The song: "Die Ungeduld" (Impatience) has appeared also in the Spanish. But his instrumental works are still comparatively little known outside of Germany.

When we reflect, that Schubert was called away forever from this world at an age, at which others commonly just arrive at artistic maturity, and how much that was glorious he created within the brief span of 16 or 17 years, we involuntarily ask: What further would he have accomplished, could he have been preserved, only another decade, for his art?

That he succeeded in bringing to the light admirable works, some of them perfect, in every kind of music, has been abundantly shown in the course of this survey, and the works in each kind have been named.

Called especially by impulse from within to the composition of songs, he has also shown such an eminent gift for instrumental music, that no one can doubt that he had it in him to achieve something very perfect in that line. But while he soon stood forth a complete master in the former sphere, and would probably, if he had lived, have still sung many a noble song, without surpassing those he had given us already, we may on the other hand maintain with certainty, that he would have attained to still greater mastery in the field of instrumental music, and—under more favorable circumstances—would have done something important also as an opera composer.

We must not forget, that Schubert, although he occupied himself in many ways with Mozart and Beethoven, never carried through a proper thorough course of musical studies. Salieri, a musician bred exclusively in the traditions of the older Italian opera, understood as little of instrumental music in its various branches, as he had any idea of genuine church music. When he instructed Schubert, he was already advanced in years, and, belonging to a wholly different school and period of Art himself, he could never become the master of a youth glowing with admiration for Beethoven and deeply penetrated by his works.

Certainly Schubert, whose individuality was more sharply stamped than that of any other composer, could not under any circumstances have been essentially any other than that very Schubert, whom we admire and love. But if in the beginning of the rapid development of his immense talent there had stood by his side a sterling composer and teacher, to give him that thorough grounding in the fundamental science of musical art, which Mozart had undergone, and thus put him in a condition to appropriate to himself the larger musical forms with his inborn facility, and thereby provide a wholesome counterweight to his exuberance of thought and fancy

—then perhaps he might have succeeded, even in the short space of time he had to live, in achieving the highest in all departments of his art.

He seems himself to have had a feeling of what was wanting to his completeness; and when he told the Fröhlich family, a short time before his death, that he had now got hold of the scores of Handel's oratorios, adding: "I now just begin to see what I lack, but I will study diligently with Sechter, to make up for the delay," he himself pointed out the way, which he had got to travel, in order to produce the truly great.

Then perhaps he would have attained to that severe self-criticism, which so distinguished Beethoven, and to many of his great compositions he would have applied that last file, which is all that they now lack to make them Art works of enduring efficacy.

It were idle to puzzle ourselves with the inquiry, why the thread of life of a man so richly gifted had to be cut short so early, and just at the moment when he was about fitting himself, as so many signs indicated, for the highest flight. Joyful admiration for all the noble things he did achieve, will ever follow him; and, looking back on that, we close with the exclamation: *Praise and glory to the man who has striven and fulfilled as greatly as Franz Schubert!*

On the Romantic in Music.

(From the German of Aug. Kahlert).

When Carl Maria von Weber opened to himself a new path, by that work of genius, *Der Freyschütz*, what is called romantic music was by several stamped as belonging to a peculiar school, and many an unsuccessful imitation was attempted under the title "Romantic Opera." The wonderful and the legendary were alleged to be the necessary foundation of this species: spirits, and whenever possible, Satan himself, were essential ingredients. This kind of opera was pronounced to be the only truly German, and opposed to the comic conversation-opera, and the heroic opera.

I cannot see what is to be gained by such a classification, or that it will at all tend to enlighten us on the question of the real essence of music.

The essence of the romantic was sought for in various contingencies, or single peculiarities; the first united with the second renders plain the conception of the romantic.

My own views of romantic art, briefly shown, may serve to justify what I have said.

First, I must state, that, according to my views, the romantic and musical art are akin to each other, and that all music is of a romantic nature, —a proposition that will seem paradoxical to many, but which I shall endeavor to demonstrate.

The source of all the fine arts may be traced to the worship of God,—to religion. From this they have sprung; from this were formed their first rude beginnings, and the general religious feelings of a people have also given an individual coloring to their arts. The tie of religion and art is so close, that even those who will not acknowledge it, must feel its power. The religion of antiquity was essentially a natural religion: only among the Oriental nations the traces of a belief in divine manifestations display themselves. The art, which sprang from this natural religion, could not conceive other than sensual deities; it sought among natural forms for the expressions of divinity, and hence in works of art the nearest approach to nature's masterpieces was held to be the noblest deed.

According to Aristotle the *beautiful* consists in the imitation of nature;—a view of the matter, which, in the days of skepticism, e. g. among the French, revived in all its power.

Plato's views of Art and the Beautiful are opposed to these: he assumes original forms of beauty in the soul of the artist, which he has brought with him into the world, and which spring from a former and better state. Thus, he regards most the ideal, while Aristotle chiefly regards the real.

Grecian Art in general bears the character of an imitation, which is so perfect, that we should vainly strive to equal it, since we want the eye of the Grecian artist. The summit of human strength and beauty is, with the Greeks, divine: hence their heroes are allied to the gods; hence their gods, though in heaven, live after the manner of men.

The spirit of Grecian Art displays itself in works of architecture. This last, which most obviously exhibits the forms of nature, bears very evidently in itself the elements of the national spirit, and hence ancient Art is in general called plastic.

But with respect to the music of the ancients—what was it? Gf. Weber has, in his theory of composition, long ago called our attention to this point, namely, that the key to any closer acquaintance with the art is lost, and that our endeavors to attain it must fail. We have, we almost say, less proof that we understand accurately the expressions of Ptolemy, Plato, and Plutarch, relative to music, than that we have sufficiently, and in the spirit of the ancients, mastered the quantity and mode of expressing Greek and Latin words. The scanty remains of ancient music afford us no view of that art; and to increase the confusion, the Christian beginnings in music have been often mingled with those remains, and under the name of "Greek" proudly displayed themselves as the result of investigation in antiquities. Von Winterfeld's *Joh. Gabrieli* will contribute much to the clearing up of such doubts.

If we consider attentively the choruses of the Greek tragedies, and combine the expressions relative to music uttered by Plato in the third book of his Republic, we shall soon be convinced that the essential beauty of that music consisted in the rhythm, hence in the systematic motion. Indeed the same spirit, which in ancient sculpture announced itself in space, speaks in the rhythm, but not otherwise in motion, therefore in time. The rhythm of antiquity, so far as we can obtain an idea of it by investigating the laws of nature, is of a plastic nature. Hence music was, as it were, rendered visible by the peculiar arts of motion, namely, dancing and mimicry. Music was but the servant of other arts; and though the ancients knew the difference between high and low in sounds, we have nothing to justify us in assuming that they knew anything of a harmonic base, on which what we call melody depends. Rhythm would display itself in tones, but the knowledge of the combination of tones was reserved for a later age. The unison of the Eastern nations of the present day now affords an instance of that infancy in music.

It is well known how music displayed itself simultaneously with the rites of Christianity; how music was the art in which Christian worship was first developed. The power of the musical spirit was alone calculated to present to the senses the Christian idea of Deity; while in ancient times this was done by sculpture, when the divinities, in the form of men, filled the situations of men. This, in the Christian world, could alone be accomplished by an art which had for its end the representation of the Infinite; an art, the elements of which are varying and fluctuating—that is to say, music. Sound dies away like the existence of man. A pictorial composition remains fixed to our gaze, and thus embraces the forms of earth. A musical composition has nothing which it can imitate; its artist can only represent sensual phenomena, when he has first idealized them.

It was natural enough that the musical art should exert an influence over other arts. Poetry shows us this in the origin of rhyme. Harmonic euphony began to gain ground on the rhythmic, and showed itself not only in rhyme, but in alliteration and assurance. Now did all Art

strive to elevate man to the Infinite—to God; as the ancients, degrading Deity, sought to approximate it to man. Jean-Paul and Frederic Schlegel have long ago shown that the Gothic style of architecture was designed to express that endeavor.

In like manner, Christian art produced what is called romantic art, which is by many totally misunderstood. The essence of the romantic art depends on the endeavor of man to soar above the sphere of his knowledge; it strives to acquaint us with the unattainable, which no intellect can comprehend.

The opinion will be found correct, that the power of music completes that of language; that the kingdom of the former begins, where that of the latter ends; that without a sweet fancy being itself in the magic of sound, no genuine musical work can exist. If we call Beethoven the master of masters, the reason is, that he has exhibited, in the plainest view, that striving after the infinite. Every work of art requires a form, but to go so far above it, without annihilating it, was reserved for Beethoven alone. I place him above S. Bach, because the genius of the latter was more immediately subservient to divine worship; because he did not lose himself, like Beethoven, in the magic of sound. I place him above all, because he is independent of words, and lets his inarticulate sounds speak freely for themselves.

Instrumental music, as E. T. A. Hoffmann has justly remarked, is the most romantic of all arts. However, among vocal composers there is more than one who is entitled to stand by Beethoven's side. If he was the mightiest in instrumental music, so was Mozart in another sphere. No other composer has expressed the romantic spirit as he has in *Don Giovanni*.

Among the moderns the romantic spirit has appeared in Weber and Spohr: with the former it is almost unbridled; with the latter it is more confined.

Mendelssohn and Löwe are to be reckoned among those of the present day. Yet, in all modern art the free *unconscious* power of creation has become rare. The intellectual education on the one hand, and the mechanical on the other, plainly exert an injurious influence. That fancy, which makes individuality forget itself, becomes more and more scarce, like that pious childish faith, in which religion first takes root. The age begins to hate the very essence of the romantic, it desires the bodily, the sensual. To satisfy this desire, thousands of musicians are prepared and ready at all times. With these the very mechanism of music has become living, and the intellect only reckons upon the effect.

A new effect, however, constitutes neither novelty nor originality in a work of art; therefore, that the romantic should be misunderstood was inevitable. We had learned to expect from it outward signs, spirits and wonders, above all things. Thus Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* must be called a romantic opera, though there is not the least trace of the romantic spirit to be found in any part.

Let us then be less liberal with a name which conveys, above all others, such weighty, and mighty praise. Let us consider that the romantic is the inmost essence of music, that it is the mark which distinguishes all modern art from the ancient: hence, in few words, that in our days every work of art meriting the name, must be called romantic, and then that appellation is understood as being the mark of every good work of art in our time.

It will be objected that the term *romantic* will in fact not at all suit many of our most modern works of art. Alas! such is the case. They have not proceeded from the exaltation of our souls to the infinite; they cleave to this earth; they live but an apparent life; they are no productions of the spirit of art, but of intellect, experience and labor. This is particularly remarked in the greater and more comprehensive works. For small, light pictures, for short, feeling songs, which flash like lightning through the night, the powers of feeling and creating are yet sufficient. But even this losing one's self in a number of trifling designs, without being able to apply one's

self to a single great work, is somewhat dangerous. The arts go begging among each other; we seek the master being unable to produce it; while Raphael painted the Madonna innumerable times, yet ever new,—ever with animation. We are poor in matter, because the enjoyers of art are insatiable. Thus our matter becomes gradually more real, more prosaic.

Music is a product of the German spirit. The bias of the German character to religion here displayed itself in its noblest form. Let us, in a skeptical age, neither in life, nor in art, be robbed of our faith in what is most sacred.

The Life of a Composer, an Arabesque.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Continued from page 133.)

In the meantime, Dihl, who had thrown his brown cloak round his head, in the form of a Capucin's hood, silenced the burst of laughter, by delivering the following parody on the opening scene of the *Camp of Wallenstein* :—

Hightly tightly! Diddledumdee!
And do you call this music? Now to me
It seems mere raving, mere insanity!
Oh, monstrous outrage! strange insanity!
And call you these composers? Oh my life!
A Turkish band, for every mischievous rife.
The sacred muses are condemned to see
Their godlike leader, the divine Apollo,
Straining his throat to reach huntman's halloo!
Egyptian plagues are in the orchestra found,
Shrill octave-flutes, and drums of thundering sound.
Come, stand not there with idly folded arms;
Hark! war is raging with its loud alarms:
The guardian bulwarks of fair song lie low,
And poor Italia falls beneath the foe.
Composers, boasting from all rules release,
And scorning nature, follow wild caprice;
For sound far more solicitous than sense,
Willing, for rhyme, with reason to dispense,
In glory's temple anxious for no niche,
Less moved by palms that wave, than palms that itch:
Content the strange fantastic praise to gain
Of having turned the giddy hearer's brain.
The lovers of the art meanwhile forlorn,
Humble in sackcloth and in ashes mourn.
While the director, studious but of Cocker,
Laughs in his sleeve, and snugly fills his locker.
Our masters now with musy rules dispense,
And counterpoint with them is countersense;
Our melodies are maladies at best,
Poor sickly things in those finely dress.
Scarce from the nursery freed, see unbreech'd boys
Push'd forward in the world to make a noise.
Well, in the world to make a noise is now
To make a world of noise, you must allow.
Talk not of classic taste, 'tis all mere stuff;
Nought goes down now but vapor, noise, and puff.
But whence is this? 'Tis easy to conceive:
The thoughtless many are content to live
On others' judgment; if the Pundits laud it,
A thousand chime in with their ready plaudit.
After a cadence, be it good or bad,
These fuglemen of taste lead off like mad;
Of course the many follow without fail—
"After the ass," says Zep, "comes his tail."
Thus taste and common sense are kept at bay,
And noise and hireling *weis* win the day.

Gluck, so they say, wrote something that is sure
As long as Music's self shall last t'endure;
And Mozart, too, had power to create
Works full of fire, and in effect how great!
Yet, do we read that these were untalented boobies,
Who laughed at learning like our modern boobies?
Beshrew me, 'tis a vexing thing to think
That the same prodigality of ink
That's wasted upon wretched common-places,
Might have been used for works on which the Graces
Had left the impress of that passing power.
No years can dim, no rage of time devour.
But come, let us another truth reveal:
There's a commandment that "thou shalt not steal;"
Well, surely our composers, you will say,
That precept conscientiously obey;—
Yes, sure they do; they use no nice disguise,
But plunder openly, before all eyes.
From their fell talons, deadly where they fix,
From their ten thousand arts and wily tricks,
No piece is sacred; not the air alone,
The very base is made the plunderer's own;
Change but the movement or the mode, and see,
German or French, will suit them to a T.
What says the preacher? *Contenti estote!*
Which means, if I translate, what here I quote ye,
There, take your daily bread content!—I say, go your way.
"There's something more to clap; now, go your way."

But why blame the composer? those, be sure,
Whose folly courts the evil they endure.
Should bear the blame: let those who make the fool
Be still content to be his humble tool.

Felix. Hold, my good sir, you overstep your mark;
At us composers you are free to bark;
But in our presence, prithee, have a care
How you defame the public—nay, beware!

Dihl (starting from his seat). And do you too
beware how you defame my favorite Rossini. Do
you suppose that though I know his faults to be
numberless, I love him the less? No, I am fond of a
charming though reckless air he strolls through the
room; what sprightliness and wit sparkles in his

eye; what pretty posies he throws into the laps of the ladies as he passes. And if, in the glee of the moment, he treads upon some old gentleman's toes, or dashes to atoms some valuable mirror? we pardon the forward urchin, we take him in our arms, and coax him into good humor with sweetmeats and caresses. What I most dread is the time when he shall take it in his head to act wiseacre. Heaven grant this fluttering butterfly a flowery death ere, trying to become a bee, he is transformed into a wasp, to the annoyance of all about him.

[Several more blank pages occur in the original, and we come to the following fanciful satire.]

THE MASQUERADE. I had written the last bars of my piece, and was dwelling with all an author's rapture upon the happy flourishes, which with no sparing hand I had scattered over the concluding movements, when my friend hastened into my apartment in his domino and mask, and took me familiarly by the arm. "A truce to your everlasting study," cried he; "come, let us away: it is expected to be one of the gayest masquerades of the season. All the beauties of the town will be there; then such punch, such champagne, such music—I was going to say; but there I must hold, that look of your's tells me so. Well, we must take it as it is. On such occasions, as coarseness is made to pass for wit, so is noise for music, I suppose. But let us take things as we find them; when at Rome—you know the proverb. Come, no delay; the coach is at the door, all is ready, so allons!"

Before I had even time to make up my mind, I found myself in the vehicle, and enveloped, by the hands of my laughing friend, in a domino and mask. The coach drove off, and in a few minutes more I was in the vortex of a crowd of party-colored beings, who claimed a privilege to-day of appearing something else than they really were. I stood for some moments gazing upon the scene in a kind of reverie; from this, however, I was soon aroused by the unceremonious elbows of some dancers, who whirled past me, but not without leaving a very sensible impression upon my ribs. It was not long before I began to inhale the atmosphere of thoughtless merriment, by which I was surrounded, and gradually mingled in the giddy whirlpool of the noisy throng.

Beneath the mask one feels oneself quite a different being; an evident proof how much, in our intercourse with men, we are the creatures of form.—Every one thinks and speaks with a freedom to which he was a stranger before his face was concealed by a piece of waxed paper. The bashful lover now ventures for the first time to avow his flame, and the timid maiden is no longer apprehensive of betraying her blushes. Even the friend addresses the friend with a freedom before unknown; and the humble dependent dares risk his wit upon his Mecenas.

My gay companion did not fail to ogle and quiz every peasant girl, every nun, and Turkish fair one, that passed him. At last, such was the freedom of his manner, that I was induced to quit his arm, and drop behind. At this moment, a rush took place towards our quarter of the room, and I was separated from my friend. I found myself *vis-à-vis* to two figures, habited as vampires; "Well, how goes on the pianoforte?" was their salute in passing. A flower-girl pulled me by the sleeve, and presenting me with a nosegay, whispered in my ear, "This is for the musical treat you afforded me the other evening." A figure of his Satanic Majesty passed me, and said, "There, set that to music!" holding up a piece of paper, on which was inscribed, *To Emily*. I seized the paper, exclaiming, "I respect her name even in the mouth of the devil himself—waist till the next masquerade, and your request shall be complied with." "Such music must be a real nuisance to an ear like yours," said a third emphatically, as he passed me. "Not at all," I rejoined; "but there is one thing which is really so—that people should persist in *boring* an artist with the only thing which he never wishes to *hear*, but to *feel*." Provoked at being thus recognized by every mask I met, I made my way out of the crowd, and retired to the back of one of the boxes.

From this situation I was, however, soon attracted by a singular procession of masks of the most grotesque kind, which entered at the folding doors at the bottom of the room. General curiosity was awakened. The music of the dance ceased, and the figure of a harlequin, stepping forward, begged permission of the company to give a *Grand Declamatory-Dramatic-Melopoeitic-Allegoric representation* in verse. A tall, stately, phlegmatic personage next came forward, with a bandage on his brow, on which stood inscribed in staring letters, the word "Impartiality"; a label from his mouth had the words, "Zeal for the Art." On his breast he wore a bulky musical catalogue, and out of his pocket hung a

roll of paper, which, at a glance, I recognized to be a certain Gazette. The figure assumed a pompous attitude, and delivered the following

PROLOGUE.

Ye friends and lovers of the art, from you
We feel assured to gain the credit due,
When we protest, that 'tis not to obtain
Mere praise alone, still less from love of gain ;
(Praise is an empty bubble at the best,
And fitly laud, gods, how we detest !)
From no unworthy motive such as these,
We now, as never, feel the wish to please ;
No ! the pure love of Art has sway'd
Our conduct in each effort we have made.

Our task is oft a thankless one at best,
And yet our zeal has never been depress'd,
Still anxious by each honest means to gain
That end the wise oft strive for, but in vain.
To nobler products by the pen supplied,
Our ready patronage was ne'er denied,
And thousands that should never have seen the light,
We publish almost in our own despite.
To meddle with a ponderous score is now
A work of no small risk you will allow ;
Yet every year beholds the trial made,
With what success in general—ask the trade.
Yet something must be risked, if but to give
The poor composer wherewithal to live
Look at our groaning shives, for they can best
Our ceaseless labors in the cause attest.

The piece we here present is of a kind
To please the taste of each enlightened mind ;
'Twould ill become us any praise to lead it.
Its own intrinsic worth will best command it ;
As for the price, you can't but be content,
Paper, the best—engraving, excellent.

Enter Harlequin with a Spring.

Come, turn, and turn about, is but fair play.—
Most honored Sire, I've too a word to say,
With your permission ; and my theme shall be
This same grand opera we're about to see.
What do we find, if we the thing dissect,
But an eternal straining for effect ?
The singer, not content her part to do,
Will of the orchestra form a portion too ;
On throat, not soul, she pinches her reliance,
And sets both flute and oboe at defiance.
The dying hero trills his life away ;
As to the sense and spirit of the play,
The fool has all the wises things to say.
The fierce orchestra raves and tears like mad,
No moment's pause, no respite to be had ;
Then there's thrown in a make-weight concertino,
With solos by the primo violin.
Nay, growing jealous of the poor ballet,
The very dancers are called in to play,
And many a cadence, fancifully set,
Spins to wonder in a pirouette.

And should the good director think that still
The petted public have not had their fill
Of strong effects ; what then ? he has at hand
A thousand more he can at once command ;
A stud of horses or a dancing bear.
Or a young elephant trained up with care ;
These and a thousand other beasts may follow,
As many as the public taste can swallow ;
For 'tis the golden maxim of the day,
"Attract and profit, never mind what way."
Silence is all we dread : we ask no more
Than that the public talk the subject o'er ;
That while their coffee lady critics sit,
This singer's praises should hang upon their lip,
That dancer's skill ; and that despairing not,
They strive to thread our opera's may plot.
A little mystery pleases : 'tis not good
That things too readily be understood ;
If wish with such puzzles to explain,
Let them return and see the piece again.

He made his exit with a low bow, and immediately the Grand Italian Opera made her appearance. She was a tall, lanky figure, with features devoid of all character, and which, whether as Celadon, Paladin, or Haridan, was always one and the same. Indeed, the only characteristic trait of her face was softness and effeminacy. She drew after her a thin train, the color of which was, in fact, no color at all, and which, as she moved along, glittered with a profusion of spangles. The whole of her dress was overloaded with paste ornaments and imitation stones, which served to attract the public gaze. On her appearance, a noise was made in the orchestra,—merely for the purpose of procuring silence : this, in Italy, is termed an *overture*.—But hark ! she begins to sing.

RECITATIVO.

O ! Dio !
Mi addio !

ARIA.

O ! non pianger
Mio bene—
Ti lascio.....
Idol mio.....
.....exprime !
.....Olme !

ALLEGRO.

Gia la tromba suona.....
A.....u.....Eviva !

COLLA PARTE.

Per te morir io voglio.....
E.....o.....a.....i !

PIU STRETTO.

A.....O felicità !

(On the *à* a trill of a dozen bars, with a cadence from A natural below, to D flat above ; the public applaud most furiously)

DUETTO.

Prima Donna. Ah ! —— caro !
Basse Cantante. O ! —— caro !
(A Due). Sorte amara !

(On the *amara* a series of *arpeggio* passages, sweetly modulated, first, to the extremes of the two voices, and then back till they meet in unison ; then a *turn*, and a slide into sixths.)

ALLEGRO CON FUOCO.

O barbaro o o o !
Tormento o o o o !
A e i o u exo !

(Nobody notices this passage till one of the *cognoscenti* vociferates "Bravi !—Bravi !" when, instantly, the whole audience are roused into a *fortissimo* enthusiasm, and the *coda* is lost amidst the half delirious shouts of a thousand voices.)

(To be continued.)

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

(Concluding Remarks from the Times, June 30.)

The Handel Triennial Festival may now be regarded as an established fact. The experience of three gigantic meetings has done its work. The first (1857) was an interesting experiment ; the second (1859) a remarkable advance ; the third (1862) a brilliant success. The first might almost as well have been in the open air ; the second was aided by some ingenious expedients, with a view to the concentration of sound ; the third will be remembered, not merely as the first celebration of the Handel Triennial Festival, but as the first trial of the now thoroughly completed "Handel Orchestra." That still something remains to be done—something that shall make the effect less dependent upon the position of the auditor, less variable, in short, as heard from different parts of the transept and galleries, must be admitted, even by those who with praiseworthy ambition and indefatigable zeal have progressed so far towards the imaginary goal of perfection. That science properly directed can remedy all that is deficient we conscientiously believe ; and that the spirit to compass and effect the desired improvements will not be wanting may be looked upon as certain. "If no more, why so much ?" says Lord Grizel to the ghost of King Arthur. A similar interrogatory, put by the musical public to the Crystal Palace Company—or rather to the Sacred Harmonic Society and the enterprising Mr. Bowley, who, in fairness, may be said not merely to have suggested but to have carried out the Handel Festival—would probably elicit a more vigorous reply than that vouchsafed by the kindly spectre to his garrulous and inquisitive courtier. "Wait and see," would be Mr. Bowley's answer. The solution, however, will be satisfactorily given in 1865, at the second anniversary of the Handel Triennial Festival.

Meanwhile we cannot in justice withhold our tribute of hearty praise from the really extraordinary achievements of the past week. Never was vast undertaking so admirably organized. The 4,000 singers and players seemed to get in and out of their places,—day after day, at the rehearsal and the three successive performances,—as if by magic. We wonder if any among the thousand attracted on each occasion asked themselves how and by what means such a formidable host of executants ever came together ?—how, with such military discipline, they were at a given moment marshalled in regular order within an enclosed space ?—how, in obedience to the signal from a solitary conductor's stick (even though that conductor was Mr. Costa), they instantaneously and simultaneously shouted "God Save the Queen" as though they had been shouting it in concert from time immemorial ?—Upwards of 120 towns, and among them 32 cathedral or collegiate cities, sent delegates to the Handel Festival Orchestra, which both in its vocal and instrumental departments was the largest and most splendid ever assembled. Had their united performance been merely tolerable there would have been sufficient cause for surprise ; that it was for the most part admirable trenches on the marvellous. So unprecedented an undertaking—at least, during the time of its early probation—merits exemption from petty fault-finding. Once established as a periodical affair, it must of course, run the gauntlet of animadversion, and accept praise or blame as it may be honestly administered, like any other speculation appealing to public support. This conviction has hitherto influenced us in speaking of the Handel Festival. That we could have pointed out many positive defects, and many comparative

shortcomings, may be readily imagined ; but whether, under the circumstances, such minute criticism of detail would have been of the slightest use to anybody, we may be permitted to doubt. Enough that the general effect was wholly unexampled ; that the performances of *The Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, allowing for drawbacks more or less inevitable, were the grandest and noblest on record ; and that the second day's selection was one of the most richly varied and interesting ever made—calculated, moreover, in an eminent degree and with convincing eloquence to set forth that versatility, that adaptability of his genius to the felicitous illustration of all sorts of subjects, which entitles Handel to be regarded as "the Shakespeare of Music." The marked improvement in the choral singing of masses—to which not only the exertions of the Sacred Harmonic Society, forming the nucleus of the so-called "Metropolitan Contingent" at home, but the periodical practices, commencing as far back as 1859, of so many choral bodies throughout the country, have been instrumental—may, in a very great measure, be attributed to the Handel Festival, a laudable desire to play a creditable part in which has prevailed on every side. If the same spirit of emulation is kept, up the same unremitting diligence exerted, the result between this and the next celebration of the Triennial Festival—not only with reference to the colossal exhibitions in the now successfully completed Handel Orchestra, nor to the public performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but to choral singing in every part of the kingdom—are incalculable. Music, and more especially choral music, now claims so influential a share in the moral and intellectual training of the middle and lower classes of this country that the question of its being good or bad is one of considerable import, and can no longer be viewed with indifference. Whatever tends to its healthy progress has an indisputable right to encouragement ; and that the triennial gatherings in the Crystal Palace, under the sanction of a name not only world-famous, but revered by every community in every part of England—if only on account of the improving social intercourse to which the requisite preparations for each successive meeting must necessarily lead—are likely to be of inestimable advantage can hardly be doubted. For this reason we wish well to the Handel Festival and offer our hearty congratulations to those who have conducted it so ably, and so much to the general satisfaction, whether as regards the arrangements of the orchestra or the comfort and convenience of the public. Did space permit, we would willingly, in bearing testimony to the spirit and indefatigability of Mr. Bowley (General Manager), the admirable discipline enforced by Mr. Costa, and extreme courtesy of Mr. Grove (Secretary) and other functionaries of the Crystal Palace, mention, one by one, the names of other gentlemen (including many members of the Sacred Harmonic Society) who, in various official departments, have shown no less ability, and towards the public and the representatives of the press exercised no less undeviating civility than the chief directors of the Festival. As it is they must accept this general acknowledgment. Into the pecuniary results of the week we refrain from entering. An official statement is in preparation, and no doubt will be published and circulated as soon as completed.

BEAUREGARD'S BELLS.—A newspaper correspondent in New Orleans writes : "One of the most striking objects which presented itself as our steamer reached the levee, opposite St. Mary's Market, was an immense collection of bells lying on the wharf, amounting in number to hundreds. These were Beauregard's bells, sent in response to his call. They were of all sizes, from very large church-bells, weighing hundreds of pounds, down to small plantation and steamer bells. The sight was well calculated to awaken reflection. How many temples of the Most High had been despoiled to furnish this offering on the altar of Moloch ! How many thousands had the sound of these 'church-going bells' summoned to the house of prayer, whose ears, alas ! would never hear them again ! How many merrymen had they rung out on days of joyous festivity ! How many departed ones have they tolled along to the house appointed for all the living ! If Beauregard's benevolent designs had been accomplished, they would have uttered forth a far different music, and joined, amid the din and roar of the conflict, in the great chorus of battle ; for they were to have all been melted up, and recast into field artillery for the rebel army. Happily, FARRAGUT and BUTLER came a few days too soon. Now the bells have all been shipped off to the North. I don't know what was to be done with them : but I think a most appropriate disposal would be at the close of the war, to cast them into an obelisk, to commemorate the

20

47

the Mighty God! the Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther! Prince of Peace!

the Mighty God! the Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther! Prince of Peace!

the Mighty God! the Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther! Prince of Peace!

the Mighty God! the Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther! Prince of Peace! un - to

For un - to us a child is born,.....

For un - to us a child is born,.....

For un - to us a child is born, un - to us a son is

us a child is born, un - to us a child is born, un - to us a son is

..... un - to us a son is given, and the

..... un - to us a son is given,

given, un - to us a son is given, unto us a son is given,

gov-ern-ment, the gov-ern-ment shall be up-on his shoul-der; and the gov-ern-ment shall
 and the gov-ern-ment shall be up-on his shoul-der; and the gov-ern-ment shall
 and the gov-ern-ment, the gov-ern-ment shall

8vi. 8vi.

be up-on his shoulder, and his name shall be call-ed *f* Won-derful!
 be up-on his shoulder, and his name shall be call-ed *f* Won-derful!
 be up-on his shoulder, and his name shall be call-ed *f* Won-derful!

ff
 Ped., 8vi.

Coun-sel-lor! the Mighty God! the Ev-er-lasting Father! the
 Coun-sel-lor! the Mighty God! the Ev-er-lasting Father! the
 Coun-sel-lor! the Mighty God! the Ev-er-lasting Father! the

A musical score for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time and G major. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The vocal parts sing the same melody in unison, with lyrics including 'Prince of Peace! the Ever-lasting Fa-ther! the Prince of Peace!'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a melodic line and the left hand providing harmonic support with chords and bass notes. The score is divided into three systems, with the vocal parts continuing in the first and third systems, and the piano parts continuing in the second and third systems.

No. 13.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

LARGHETTO *p* *j=104.*

Sva.

triumph of the Union and the Constitution over treason and rebellion." The bells are now in Boston. They number nearly eight hundred, and the metal is valued at \$50,000.

AN OBSTINATE ORGAN.—In a small church at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it; but unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more. Then, just as the clergyman completed the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked, and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it out down the centre aisle of the church, playing away into the churchyard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

Chit-Chat.

Of the prospect of Italian Opera in this country for the next season—Mars permitting—we are informed as follows by our neighbor of the *Musical Times*:

Maretzke, who used to be so unfortunate, you know, is in better luck now-a-days. With Marti's long purse to draw from, he has succeeded in securing a strong company for Havana. First among the prime donne engaged, are Signora Giuseppina Medora and Madame Charton Demeure. The first named lady is an artist of great talent, with a clear and powerful voice, and enjoys a high reputation in Italy. Charton is said to greatly resemble Sonzag in personal appearance, elegance of manner and style of vocalization. Sulzer, a dashing contralto of twenty-six, said to be the best interpreter of Verdi's music, and Mlle. Pradier, a rising young prima donna, are also under engagement. Among the male singers, Mazzolini, the man with the *do di petto*, comes first. He is said to be a very clever singer, besides possessing the above necessary accomplishment for tenors of the present generation. Sig. Minetti, a *tenor di grazia*, is also coming. The engagement with Bartolini is off, Sig. Bellini taking his place. Vialetti, now singing in London with success, and Biachi, a favorite with the Havanese, fill up the prominent features of the troupe. They will give performances in New York, on their way to Havana, and it is possible that Boston may come in for a week of respectable opera.

The "Arion" singing society of New York have been making an excursion to Niagara Falls, and visiting their tuneful German friends in Buffalo and Rochester. In the former city they gave a concert, in which they sang some fine part-songs and choruses, including Schubert's "Song of Spirits over the Water." Air and chorus from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, &c. The Buffalo Liedertafel assisted; also Mr. S. B. Mills, the pianist, Mollenhauer, the violoncellist, Schreiber, the cornet-player, and others.

The *Evening Post* assures us:

Notwithstanding the war times, our opera managers are very busily at work. Ullman will present in the fall to the New York public the great actress Ristori, and the great singer Titien. In London it is rumored that Grau is negotiating with Grisi and Mario, while Maretzke already has his hands full.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The German Singing Clubs of this city, Springfield, Westfield and Hartford, gave a fine concert at Mechanics' Hall, last evening. They were heartily applauded and encored by the small audience present, and the Hartford Quartette Club by their singing, and Mr. Michael Riedl of this city, by his performance on the violin, won especial and deserved favor. Mr. Wanderer, of the Hartford Club, surprised and pleased many who did not expect to listen to a tenor voice of such unusual power and purity. The music given was of a superior character, mostly in the form of choruses and quartettes, and Mr. W. Eugene Thayer of this city, performed a fantasia for the piano, composed by himself.—*Spy.*

Mr. Perrin, the musical critic of *La Salut Public*, a Lyons paper, has some very pertinent remarks on the mechanism of pianoforte performances. Emile Prudent had been exhibiting his powers, and M. Perrin thus philosophizes:

"Do the ladies, whom he has so often astonished, wish to know M. Prudent's secret, and learn to advance as far as he in the art of making the fingers fly over the key-board, and execute, evenly, a very rapid cadenza, four or five minutes long? There is nothing simpler. It consists in practising ten hours a day for fifteen years. You become thereby either a great pianist or an idiot of the first water, according to the amount of intellectual power you possess. If you succeed in this trial,—so much the better for you; if not, you are lost."

WAGTEL, a new German tenor, has been singing with Adelina Patti in London in "Lucia." He has better voice than execution, and is the man who a few years ago was the coachman of a German nobleman.

LA GRANGE, since the death of her husband, has been living in retirement near Paris. On the occasion of her last benefit at Madrid she took both the parts of Alice and Isabella, in *Robert le Diable*.

MERCADANTE, the composer of *Il Giuramento*, has suffered total loss of sight, the Continental papers say, from an operation performed on him recently for disease of the eyes.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday *Don Giovanni* was repeated; on Monday, *Roberto il Diavolo*; on Tuesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, introducing in the part of Enrico Sig. Graziani, his first appearance this season; on Thursday, *Il Barbiere*; and his last night, *Robert il Diavolo*.

Sig. Graziani's welcome on Tuesday was warm in the extreme. He is a great favorite of the public, to whom nothing is a stronger recommendation than a beautiful voice. The part of Enrico is not entirely suited to Sig. Graziani, as it requires a more stentorian voice and greater depth of lungs. Some of the music, however, is given with such infinite charm that it pays for all the rest. As for Mlle. Patti's Lucia, it becomes finer and more intense nightly. The singing is as brilliant and exquisite as ever.—*Musical World, July 5.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The following were the performances of the past week:—*Robert le Diable*, on Saturday; *Don Giovanni*, on Tuesday; *Semiramide*, on Wednesday; *Don Giovanni*, on Thursday; and to-night, *Robert le Diable*, with Mad. Guerrabellla as Isabella, her first appearance in that character.

On Tuesday night the revival of *Don Giovanni* made a still larger call upon the resources of Mr. Mapleson's troop of lyric comedians. On the whole, the "opera of operas" was effectively performed.—An unusual degree of interest was attached to the first appearance of Miss Louisa Pyne at Her Majesty's Theatre. The delicious music of Zerlina, we need hardly say, was admirably suited to the voice and style of our accomplished English "prima donna," who gave both "Batti batti" and "Vedrai carino" (the last of which was loudly encored) with no less beauty of voice than classical purity of expression. The foreign language was evidently no check upon the efforts of Miss Pyne, who sings in Italian with the same fluency as in English—a proof, if any were required, that her method of producing the voice and enunciating the vocal syllables is legitimate. In "La ci darem" (also given twice) Miss Pyne was ably supported by M. Gassier, whose *Don Giovanni* has been more than once described as a performance which—in an age when an ideal personification of the libertine is no longer extant—should not only be viewed with indulgence, but welcomed with gratitude, by all who are not willing to see Mozart's immortal masterpiece even temporarily removed from the stage. In the scenes with Leporello, M. Gassier exhibits the utmost spirit; and if in his love-passages a shade more of refinement might be acceptable, we must rest content with what is good, and encourage it until we can meet with the desired perfection. M. Gassier is thoroughly familiar with the music, and while correct to a nicety in the concerted pieces, imparts a vigor to the solos which

gives to each of them a marked individuality. He was greatly applauded in the very difficult air, "Finch' han dal vino," and deserved a much warmer recognition than he obtained in the serenade addressed to Elvira's waiting maid, which he rendered with singular good taste. Signor Vialetti's Leporello is careful, painstaking, and full of excellent intentions; Sig. Bossi's Masetto would admit of an occasional dash of humor; Sig. (or Herr) Herman's Commandant has the genuine sepulchral tones about it; and the Don Ottavio of Sig. Giuglini (who sang the too frequently omitted "Dalla sua pace") to perfection, and was recalled after "Il mio tesoro" as highly finished in a vocal sense as it has ever been. The part of Donna Elvira fell to the Swedish singer, Mlle. Louisa Michal, whose execution of the recitative and airs was correct, but extremely labored.—Best of all was the Donna Anna of Mlle. Titien, a performance, whether looked at from a dramatic or a musical point of view, that has not been equalled since the halcyon days of Mad. Grisi. From the splendid duet with Don Giovanni ("Fuggi, crudels, fuggi!") in her first scene, to "Non mi dir"—the air which Donna Anna ought to address to Don Ottavio, but never does, inasmuch as Don Ottavio invariably takes his departure after "Il mio tesoro"—in her last, Mlle. Titien was all the most exacting worshipper of Mozart's genius could have wished. The grand recitative and air in which Donna Anna recounts to Ottavio the attempt of Don Giovanni and the murder of her father, was a superb display, and raised the enthusiasm of the house. The "trio of Masks," too (with Mlle. Michal and Sig. Giuglini), was equally successful, and well deserved the unanimous "encore" it elicited. Mlle. Titien adopts the legitimate expedient of singing her part of this trio ("rallentando" at the last passage excepted) in strict time—an expedient now unhappily so rare that it almost amounts to an innovation. The more of such innovations the better.

The band, under Sig. Ardit, performed the overture and accompaniments, with an exception here and there, in a manner deserving unqualified approval. The chorus looked numerous, but sounded rather weak, and about the "mise en scène" and general arrangements there is little to say, except to condemn unreservedly the interpolation in the ball scene of a "quick step" from another opera. The solo minut (for the sake of exhibiting two ballet dancers, in costumes utterly out of keeping) is already a sufficiently great liberty to take with such a composer as Mozart, and such a composition as the first *finale* of *Don Giovanni*; but precedent or ("tradition") has helped to sanction this and other absurdities, whereas the interpolation in question is as inexcusable as it is unnecessary and obtrusive. The restoration of "Ho capito," "Dalla sua pace," &c.—about which there has been so much talk—coupled with such vandalism, loses all its title to sincerity, and therefore to respect.—*Times, July 5.*

Germany.

DRESDEN.—A correspondent of the *Athenaeum* writes:

"A great impression was made on me by the 'Auferstehungsfeier,' on Easter Eve, in the Court Church at Dresden. It is one in which every Christian, whatever form his Christianity assumes, could take part with all his heart. The only incongruity to my mind was the military display. The altar, representing the Holy Sepulchre, was guarded by soldiers fully accoutred; the nave was lined by a detachment of dismounted cavalry of the body-guard, and the aisles by infantry. The service commenced by the Priest thrice intoning the Alleluia in unmitigated Gregorian harshness from the sepulchre altar; each time it was responded to in unison by four good male voices, and after each intonation a flourish of trumpets and drums sounded from the orchestra. The Priest afterwards intoned 'Christus ist erstanden,' and then trumpets, drums, full organ, and the fine peal of bells, which had been silent all Passion Week, burst out with such a glorious cataract of sound, that it must have been a cold heart which could listen unmoved. For myself, I must confess it quite upset me, as I was not prepared for what was coming. The choir and orchestra then performed a 'Te Deum,' by Hasse, a composition which has a good deal of powder-and-peruke style in it, especially in the solo parts, but which in the chorus passages is so jubilant, and makes such use of the trumpets and drums, sometimes very much in Handel's style, that one cannot be critical. While this was being sung, the acolytes, priests, and bishop came in procession round the Church, followed by the King, the Queen, all the Royal Family, the ladies in black veils and with long trains borne by pages, and several high officers, all in full uniform, and all bearing tapers.

This being so essentially a Protestant country, Catholicism, with its usual prudence, lays aside as much as possible its most repulsive peculiarities.—On Easter morning we were awakened at four o'clock by a salute from four cannons and by the pealing of all the bells of the city. The Mass in the Catholic Church was also by Hasse, but was even more antiquated than his 'Te Deum,' and in some parts quite trivial. It seems, however, to be the established custom to give this Mass on the first Easter festival, and one of Naumann's on the second. The orchestra is excellent;—so are the men's voices, but the boys are miserable, few and thin in quality, and with an extraordinary talent for singing out of tune. In the responses, they never once by any accident hit it right.

Herr Abert's new opera, 'King Enzio,' which has just been represented at Stuttgart, is described as showing a real advance upon his first musical drama 'Auna von Landskron,' which it will be recollected, was, in its time, successful. Herr Mangold has treated 'Abraham' in the form of an oratorio, which work is to be shortly, if it have not been already, performed at Ratisbon.

Correspondents from Germany, who were present at the Whitsuntide Festival at Cologne—foreign professors, too, who know England well enough to be just to it—speak of the performance of Handel's "Solomon" there as "up to our mark." This is rarely the case with a German execution of the giant's works. The effect of Handel's choruses, it is added, was greatly enhanced, as we can well believe, by the organ-part by Mendelssohn, which has been laid aside since the festival for which it was written, and which is described as most masterly. The anniversary of Haydn's death was celebrated by a performance of his "Seasons" at Leipzig—that of Sebastian Bach by the execution of his "Johannes-Passion" at Jena.

A vesper service, by Mozart, in C major (date of composition, 1780) and warranted as not having till now been performed, was brought forward not long since at Salzburg. It is said, in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, to be a work in the writer's best manner.—*Athenaeum.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Musical Instruments in the International Exhibition.

III.

We have looked so far in vain for a full list of the awards for the best Piano-fortes, by which one might judge how the American instruments have stood comparison with those of other countries. The *London Times*, we are told, declined to publish the awards in all departments, seeing that the list would occupy some 40 columns of that paper, leaving it no room, for at least one day, to revile the defenders of civilization in America. But it is very doubtful whether such a list, even if we had it, would furnish the comparison desired, because, as M. Férit has informed us, there was only one kind of medal awarded in all cases, and that on the ground of positive and not of comparative merit. It would seem as if the judges preferred to evade the question of individual precedence between several whom they place in the first rank. From M. Férit we glean: 1. that "the kings in this category" (pianos) were, by general consent, the instruments of BROADWOOD (London), HERZ, (Paris), and PLEYEL, WOLFF & CO. (Paris), and that these instruments showed *excellence in all respects*, in *all kinds* of pianos (although it appears that Broadwood exhibited only one kind, namely "Grands"); and 2. that the pianos of STEINWAY & SONS (New York) were also found worthy of the medal for excellence in certain specified respects, which are of prime importance.

A list of the awards to American exhibitors only has found its way into our newspapers, and from this we learn that medals were awarded to STEINWAY & SONS, for the "powerful, clear and brilliant tone of piano, with excellent workmanship shown in a Grand Piano, and Square Piano of very large dimensions."

G. H. HULTKAMP, for "novelty of invention in sound-board of piano, and for an important invention in violins."

The house of CHICKERING did not compete, nor did that of ERARD, and surely neither of them stood in need of prizes. The Steinway pianos seem to have had no American competitors; but this need not detract at all from the prestige they certainly acquired there, among so many of the most famous instruments of Europe, as we shall see below, and as M. Férit probably will show in a letter which he promises to devote expressly to the Steinways. Meanwhile we will present the matter also from the German point of view. We translate from the feuilleton of *Die Presse*, published in Vienna:

"The Jury began their examinations with the Pianos, the "distingué" and "refined" class of the sounding society. A delicate task! To be sure, thanks to the multitude of medals, there was scarcely room to fear that any good piano would go unhonored. But if the prize distribution was easy, the making up of an opinion was not. As for any thorough musical trial, the Piano is no proper object for an exhibition; at least not in a gigantic palace like the one at London. What piano-player—and that is almost as much as to ask what European—does not know the immense influence of the *locale* on a piano? The same instrument, placed here or there, can appear good or bad, can approach the tone of the organ or of the guitar.

"The Exhibition building is unfavorable for all pianos, but it is not equally bad for all. The French knew best how to locate their pianos, namely in the gallery; also the Englishmen and the Americans have found out more enclosed and covered places in the hall. Thereby they stood at great advantage, especially compared with the Austrian instruments. It was with difficulty that we recognized pianos here, which had sounded very finely to us in the *ateliers* of their makers in Vienna. The jury tried all the instruments just where they found them. The Paris jury (in 1855) had every instrument carried from the Exhibition to the same hall in the Conservatoire, and there tried them. They carried impartiality so far, as to have the names of the makers covered up beforehand; and then they had the different pianos played by the same virtuosos, who played the same piece on them all. Then it was that the fearful event occurred, which Berlioz has described so humorously. Chopin's *Etude in F minor* was tried on 299 pianos one after another. In the course of this proceeding several jurors fainted, and some virtuosos were carried off for dead. When the small surviving remnant approached the three hundredth piano, the instrument, to the general dismay, began to play the piece of its own accord. Nothing could be found to silence it. Finally they called in the priesthood, who operated upon the clairvoyant piano with incense and holy water, until the F minor fiend was happily exorcized. 'On that day we played no more.'

"The reader need not fear lest we should

reproduce him similar horrors black on white. We can only mention the most prominent and most talked of. In the Austrian division the two Grand Pianos of Streicher and Ehrbahr take by far the first rank. Ehrbahr's *Pianino* was unanimously recognized as the finest in the *whole* exhibition. . . . In the French division the pianos of Herz and Pleyel stand at the head by their peculiar brilliancy and power of tone. Erard is the only renowned master, who has not exhibited; a visit to his factory here has convinced us of the dazzling excellences of his concert instruments.

"The French deserve here as everywhere to be emulated as careful exhibitors. Their instruments are judiciously and agreeably arranged, and throughout in good tune. All the French makers have taken care to provide virtuosos of every kind, to play their instruments in the Exhibition. We found too in the quality of their productions a certain standard of respectability, below which even the most insignificant did not sink. . . . Among the English, the firm of Broadwood stands first; next, but at some remove, come Hopkinson and Collard. A strange gentleman obligingly opens for us the Broadwood "Grands," with strong hand draws out the mechanism, and gives as an explanation of every detail of the construction. His personality has something fascinating by its peculiar blending of intelligence and kindness. The bright brown eye, the youthful and elastic bearing, contrast finely with the grey hair and earnest furrowed brow. So, thought my neighbor, might a prime minister look. In fact it is the piano manufacturer, Henry Broadwood. Who does not at once couple with this name the representative of an imposing manufacturing and business industry? The nation is proud of the achievements of this firm; it may well be proud of men like Henry Broadwood. The man, whose property, as long ago as the first London exhibition, amounted to over two million pounds, sits at six o'clock in the morning at work on his pianos. As great a gentleman, as any other, he is yet proud to be a working man. In his factory, it is like a little town, every he knows every journeyman, every corner, arrangement. With a liberality without example Broadwood becomes the guide and explainer to foreign manufacturers in his gigantic institution; so far is he from all littleness of even the smallest mystery or boast. And, zealous as we found him to instruct others, he was quite as much so to observe and learn himself."

"Such great English enterprises, by the gigantic dimensions of their capital, their connections, their industrial force and speculation, are more favored than similar manufactures on the Continent. Broadwood's factory consists of two great establishments, one in Great Pultney street, the other, which is larger, at Westminster. The latter covers an area of more than half a mile in circumference, and consists of four parallel rows of buildings, forming three great courts. The buildings are 300 feet long and contain, through three stories, a double row of workshops, in which some 400 persons are employed on every stage of the process, from the first sawing out of the wood to the finest mechanical detail, of producing a complete piano. At the ends of the courts are four or five dwelling houses for the overseers and agents. In great sheds, partly open, partly covered, are huge masses of wood piled up for drying.—

To the Pultney Street establishment the finished pianos are sent from the larger one, to receive the last touches. The number of workmen in the two factories amounts to 500 persons, including about 40 tuners. The yearly outlay of the Broadwood establishment may be reckoned in round numbers at £100,000. They produce annually about 2,300 instruments—not less than all the Vienna makers put together.

"With such dimensions, certainly, the most ingenious piano maker of Germany cannot compete. Next to England, North America is the land where such colossal manufactures can be developed, where talent and labor find the most luxuriant soil and, even in the want of capital, command the help of credit. The STEINWAY family, from Brunswick, seem to wish to become for America what BROADWOOD is for England, and ERARD for France.

Steinway's instruments in the Exhibition—two Grands and one Square Piano—stand in the first rank, with the pianos which have excited most attention. These instruments win by their full, round tone, and also interest by ingenious mechanical inventions. The bass strings in them are *overstrung*, both saving room and increasing the fullness of tone; the metallic frame consists of a single piece of cast iron, &c. Of all the numerous mechanical improvements—partly revivals of old ideas long since exploded, partly relating to little subordinate details, and partly useless—Steinway's method, young and little tried as it yet is, seemed to us to have the greatest capacity of development, the most of a Future in it. The history of this greatest (?) pianoforte establishment in America is interesting enough. The old Steinway went to seek his fortune in America twelve years ago, having found little business in Brunswick. He and his four sons (all piano makers) entered various manufactures in New York as *workmen*, to educate themselves in the different branches of their art according to the American system. After an assiduous apprenticeship of three years they began, in a small and cautious way, to manufacture on their own account. They finished scarcely one piano a week. But soon their fame began to spread; they erected a larger establishment, and brought home medals from every Exhibition. Finally in the course of the last three years the business became so expanded, that "Steinway and Sons" built their six-story factory, which abuts on two streets and employs about 350 workmen. A steam engine of fifty horse power drives all the machinery; the most powerful plane ever constructed planes the largest boards smooth at one stroke.—About 600 pianos are constantly in hand, and a private telegraph works between the factory and the place of sale. Such a swift and high industrial flight is absolutely inconceivable upon the Continent.

"Of the pianos of other countries there is little of importance to be said. Germany has sent a great deal that is mediocre. By far the best hails from Bechstein of Berlin. He is the Broadwood of the Zoll verein. The pianos of Breitkopf and Härtel (Leipzig) show, that one may be the first notability in music-publishing, and at the same time a rather insignificant piano-forte maker. André, in Offenbach, has exhibited one of his 'Mozart pianos,' i. e. a piano, whose pitiful make is supposed to be redeemed or even glorified by the portrait of Mozart."

Adelaide Phillips.

Most of our readers will undoubtedly be interested in the following translations of sundry criticisms, clipped from Belgian journals, which a friend has kindly sent us, knowing how highly this lady, and this artist, is esteemed in Boston. Here is number one:

"The event of the season has been the advent of Merelli's Opera Troupe. Thursday they sung before a crowded house Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. The opera was superbly brought out, and the frequent and enthusiastic applause was richly deserved.—Chief in the cast was placed Miss Adelaide Phillips, and she it was who bore off the honors of the evening. Rosina-Phillips is truly a thorough singer.—Her voice, which is a rich contralto, is fresh, sonorous and even in every tone. As to the secrets of her art, she is familiar with them all. Miss Phillips we must say has indubitably earned the suffrages of connoisseurs, and we all should trifle with our reputation by neglecting so precious an occasion of proving our dilettantism. Not content with showering before us the pearls of her talent as singer, Rosina completely astonished us by her admirable readiness and *espiallerie* as actress."

Here is a second testimony:

"Miss Adelaide Phillips, the celebrated singer, who made such an immense success at *Les Italiens*, in Paris, and at the Grand Royal Theatre at Madrid, has at last allowed us to hear her at Antwerp and at Liege, in the *Barber of Seville* and *Semiramide*. The public of these cities has fully confirmed the judgment of the French and Spanish dilettanti. Her voice, of perfect evenness and of most sympathetic quality, is of great compass; it is an admirable instrument, which she manages with perfect art and exquisite taste. She was admirably supported in *Semiramide* by Mlle. Paolina Vaneri, who has a very sweet voice and sings in the true Italian school. M. Agnesi is excellent in the part of Assur; his organ is as remarkable for its flexibility as for its compass. All the artists were warmly applauded, and repeatedly recalled."

Here is another, from the Journal of Liege:

"Miss Phillips is the star of the troupe. She is a skillful singer, possessing a beautiful contralto voice, flexible and of great compass. Her acting is full of energy and feeling. Dramatic and sweeping in *Azucena* and *Arsace*, in *The Barber*, *Rigoletto*, and *Don Pasquale*, she displays herself sparkling with gaiety and abandon. As to the rest, her reputation is fully established with dilettanti, owing to her triumphs in America, at *Les Italiens* in Paris, and later, at the Theatre Royal in Madrid.

"Day before yesterday, Miss Phillips was recalled five or six times during the Opera. The delicious song which she introduced at the end of *Don Pasquale*, was encored three times, and as many times, was, with exceeding kindness re-given by Miss P. who, that evening, proved herself truly generous."

And yet another.

"Miss Phillips is a singer of much merit, who has a voice of excellent and sympathetic quality, nearer the contralto than mezzo soprano, which allowed us the pleasure of hearing the rôle of Rosina as originally written. Her organ is very flexible, and of great compass; and her very expressive features and play full of wit complete the charm."

"Miss Phillips was delightful as Maffeo Orsini. Quite at her ease in her male attire, she held the rapt attention of her audience throughout, by the charm of her voice, and by her perfect vocalization. The *Brindisi* completely electrified the audience; it was encored twice.

"Maffeo Orsini was immediately transformed into Rosina. And we do not know to which to award the palm. Do you prefer the young patrician to the pupil of Dr. Bartolo, or the latter to the young patri-

cian? It is exceedingly embarrassing to decide, and we can only answer: *Parfait et parfait!*"

"Before passing to the *Trovatore*, we must notice particularly the fine effect produced in the famous Trio in *Lucrezia*.

"On Tuesday the theatre was crowded; the amateurs turned out in force, to see the *Trovatore*. The part of Leonora was filled by Emilia Bedi, and that of Maurice by M. Mea. Mlle. Redi knows how to sing; she strikes less for effect than most of our French singers. Notwithstanding remembrances of former singers, and unavoidable comparisons, she gained the suffrages of the house. M. Mea is gifted with a magnificent voice, which he does not abuse. The *Miserere* and the *Romanza* in the first act, behind the scenes, were warmly applauded. This young man has a future. M. Zucchi, the baritone, equally distinguished himself, and shared with him the honors of the evening. Nevertheless Miss Phillips again bore off the palm;—she it is, who has first revealed to us *Azucena*. Heretofore, Azucena has been quite a secondary part, and has been in the back-ground generally eclipsed by the Leonora. Now, the miserable Gipsy takes the foremost place, amid the acclamations of the audience. When such excellence is exhibited, in so totally different characters, and in so many directions, then the title of *Diva* is merited. At any rate, it is bestowed on Miss Phillips by universal acclaim, without one dissenting voice.

"And here is the last, from another journal which shows how our Boston *Prima Donna* was *crowned*.

"Among the ovations, which have the very rare merit of unanimity, is one the character of which is yet more exceptional, because we do not think that a similar example in this city can be quoted. In the name of the Associated Press of the City of Liege;—and by a committee chosen for this express purpose, and in which every newspaper was represented,—a crown was offered to Miss Phillips, and the audience by its prolonged bravos, signified its approbation of this demonstration by the Press of Liege."

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Orchestral Union had a large audience last Saturday evening, and certainly they played very finely. Rossini's Overture to "The Siege of Corinth," one of his best, was particularly suited to the brilliant treatment of this orchestra as now made up. Mr. SCHULTZ played a capital violin solo. Schubert's "Serenade" was given, with violoncello, oboe and cornet solos; and there were other popular pieces suggestive of the opera, the ball room and the battle-field.

This evening the overture will be *Semiramide*; we wish they would give us more overtures, they play them so well. Other selections are: Soldiers' chorus, prayer and barcarole, from Meyerbeer's "Star of the North"; Schubert's "Elegy of Tears"; Beethoven's "Turkish March"; Verdi's *Miserere*; Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"; Polkas, national quicksteps, promenade all round, and so forth.

The Sacred Concert at Jamaica Plain, last Sunday evening, was both musically interesting, and successful in its object of raising funds in aid of the patriotic labors of the Ladies' Hospital Army Association. About \$200 was the net result. The musical performances were highly creditable. The Mass in B flat, by Haydn, was not the great one in that key, but a short Mass, much less widely known, with very beautiful and impressive movements in it, especially the *Agnus Dei* and *Dona nobis*, and was generally well sung by a quartet choir of musical and telling voices. The soprano solo, *Benedictus*, gave very general pleasure. And so did other commendable solo efforts, which we have not room to mention. Mr. Harris displayed considerable ability in his pieces and accompaniments upon the splendid organ; but we must say that Beethoven's *Marcia funebre* does not well bear the transfer from the pianoforte, with its quick lightning accent, to the too continuous tone of the church organ. The Fugue by Bach we did not hear. Such examples show what good things may be done in our choirs, with leaders of the right spirit.

DEATH OF THOMAS COMER.—"Honest Tom Comer is dead" was the word passed round in this city in the beginning of the week, causing general surprise and sorrow. He died on Sunday, and it was but a week before that we were chatting with him at the Promenade concert, when he seemed in full health, with the same rosy genial face as ever, and the same hearty, kindly, gentlemanly manner. The Transcript of Monday says: "His illness was brief, as he was confined to his house but a few days, and it was not until Saturday that his symptoms excited

alarm. Mention of his illness in the *Gazette* was the first news to many of his friends that he was not in his usual health. During the day yesterday, the numerous inquiries concerning him, made at his residence, revealed that he had "troops of friends" here, though the city is nearly deserted on Sundays, toward the last of July. The announcement of his death early in the evening called forth expressions of regret on every hand."

Few men have been so much and so long identified with the musical as well as the theatrical history of Boston. In our earliest operatic performances, when operas were given here in English, in the days of the Woods, and Horn, and Mrs. Austin, many remember how capitally he took such parts as Dandolo in *Cinderella*. Since then, besides conducting the orchestra in several theatres (and what good music he used to give us between the acts in the Rachel and Edwin Booth times)—Mozart overtures, movements from Haydn symphonies, &c.!), he was always a prominent member in the Orchestras of the old Academy of Music and the Musical Fund Society, and most of the time, if not always, President of the latter society. He was a most industrious get-up of and arranger of music, and, for the popular ear at least, quite a prolific and successful composer, well known to thousands of children, young and old, through his music to the Museum spectacles, "Aladdin," and a long series of such enchantments. He was universally popular, during his thirty-five years residence here, with the profession and the public.

The *Daily Advertiser* gives the following particulars of the deceased :

For many years Mr. Comer's name has been familiar to our citizens in connection with his musical career. He was a native of Bath, England, which in the time of his youth was then the most fashionable resort of the day, and where he was first engaged as an instructor of dancing. He received an excellent musical education and associated with some of the best of the time. His sister, Mrs. Ashe, was then celebrated as an oratorio singer of great talent. Mr. Comer first went upon the stage in 1818, and in 1821 appeared at the Covent Garden Theatre as "Michael Lambourne" in "Kenilworth," a personation which is still recurred to with pleasure by those who then saw it, and which was received with more than common favor. He played with much approbation at Covent Garden and Drury Lane until 1827, when he came to this country. His first appearance here was at the Bowery in New York, where his part in the English version of "The Barber of Seville" is perhaps the best remembered. After two years' residence in New York, he came to this city. Mr. Thomas Barry had then charge of the Tremont Theatre and appointed Mr. Comer its musical director. He prepared all the operas in which Mr. and Mrs. Wood appeared, including "Robert the Devil" and "Sonnambula," the latter of which he prepared in the very short period of two weeks, and to whose brilliant success the papers of that day are ample witness. Mr. Comer remained at the Tremont Theatre six years, and has been connected with several other establishments in this city. He was musical director at the Boston Theatre (Academy of Music) during Mr. Barry's lease of that establishment. Mr. Comer possessed a fine talent for musical composition which he improved in a good degree to his last days. Many popular airs of his composition will long keep his memory green, and will prove most pleasing souvenirs of his diligent and useful life.

Mr. Comer was 72 years of age last December.—In 1837, he married a Miss Child of this city, whom he survived. His three daughters are all living.

As an actor, Mr. Comer excelled in eccentric parts, and the Irish gentleman none could personate better. His career on the London boards was of that quiet yet distinguished kind, which honors alike the man and his profession. He played in those brilliant days of the drama when the lesser parts were full of histrio-nomic honor, and when the merits of actors were the only passports to their success. As a musician his name will stand high in the profession. Educated from his earliest days under its refining influence, and following it even to his last hours with a youthful ardor and diligence, he has won an enviable name in its culture. His long service has made him well known and widely respected. He was one of the very few members of the Covent Garden Fund, a wealthy dramatic association in London, but he

had never availed himself of the annuity he was entitled to receive from it. He was also a member of the Museum Dramatic Fund of this city. It is said by one who knew him most intimately that notwithstanding the numerous calls upon one of his profession and standing, he never withheld his aid from the needy. His genial countenance and friendly greeting will be missed in many circles, and his name will be cherished as that of a faithful, good man.

Mr. BASSINT, the author of the excellent treatise on the "Art of Singing," has been delivering a course of lectures in illustration of the principles of that work before the musical school in Geneseo, N. Y.—The following topics were treated in the twelve lectures:

1. *Organs of Respiration*: how to use them. The *Diaphragm*. Position of the body in singing.

2. *Chest tones*, and their formation. Chest tone the basis of the proper cultivation of the human voice. Theory of the chest notes.

3. *Falsetto tones*. Their extension; their production, and how they coincide with the chest tones.—The *Laryngoscope*. Propensity of the *falsoetto* tones to mix with the chest tones; danger in so doing.—Their physical character and strength.

4. *Head tones*. Theory of these sounds; (*pharynx*). Difficulty in producing correctly the first tones of this register; danger in forcing them.

5. *Stroke of the Glottis*. Action of the *Diaphragm*. The word *Scia*. *Portamento* of the voice.

6. *Action of the Larynx*. Physiology of the proper vocalization. Position of the organs of the mouth; exercise on the vowels *e* and *o*; peculiarity of the vowel *i*. How to use the vowel *u*. Pronunciation.

7. *Minor Scale*; augmented second. *Chromatic Scales*. How to study them. *Arpeggios*.

8. *The Pharynx*. Clear sombre tones; how they are produced; their effects. When to use them properly, and in what registers.

9. *The Swell*; (*suoni fillati*). Physiology of the swell. Ignorance in regard to its study.

10. *Piano*; *Mezzo Voce*; *Forte*. (*Dynamics*).—Importance of studying them alone. Physiology of the *mezzo voce*.

11. *Aspirated Notes*: *suoni staccati*; *Note martelate*.

12. *The Trill*; how to study it. Three things to be borne in mind. *Hygiene* of the voice.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Native talent, and following in such high direction as the music of Sebastian Bach, seems to be a less uncommon thing in Worcester than in most American towns. The *Palladium* of this week says:

A very pleasant concert was that given at Rev. Dr. Hill's church on Friday evening by a select choir under direction of Mr. A. Stocking. It opened with a Turkish march from an organ sonata by W. E. Thayer, organist of the church, a composition of originality and beauty, a portion of a work of which we hope some day to hear the whole. Certainly this movement was very promising, and suggestive of excellence for the entire work. Next came the fine duet from *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord is a man of war;" followed by the air from *Samson*, "Return, O God of hosts," sung by a beautiful contralto voice of singular richness and power. The Mendelssohn quartet, *Come unto Me*, was the vocal gem of the evening. Mr. Thayer ended the first part of the programme by a fine performance of Bach's wonderful *Toccata* and *Fugue* in D minor, bringing out its matchless wealth of musical treasure and beauty with excellent effect. Part second embraced Farmer's Mass in B flat; a work of considerable originality and merit, generally interesting and pleasing, but not marked with any especial token of genius. The choir sang it well throughout, and portions were particularly worthy of remark. Previous to the *Credo*, Mr. Thayer played, by request, Bach's Melodious G minor *Fugue*, an acceptable interlude. It is a hopeful sign to find the walls of our Protestant churches resounding with the music which was composed for the Catholic church; composed for it because that church alone has always encouraged Art, that universal language which confines itself to no church or sect, but makes its home wherever it is earnestly sought and cultivated.

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One of the choicest Piano works of the illustrious author.

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Chant du poete. Nocturne. A. Croisez. 35

A song without words, tender and delicate. Of a great number of works which this prolific composer has furnished to the fashionable world, this is the prettiest since that charming caprice, "The prisoner and the swallow."

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E. Perabo. 25

These Nocturnes have a striking resemblance to Reissiger's Nocturnes, widely known under the name of "Flowers of Spring Waltzes," and are almost as pretty.

Two Ecossaises.

Fred. Chopin. 25

Very charming; they are of a more generally attractive character than most of this author's compositions and but moderately difficult. An excellent piece to give to somewhat advanced scholars.

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A capital collection, including the best sentimental, patriotic, traditional and humorous Songs and Melodies of "the land of sweet Erin," and one that cannot fail to be heartily welcome to the tens of thousands who look over the waters to "that green isle 'mid the ocean" as the home of their earliest recollections. It is, undoubtedly, the most complete compilation of Irish songs, published in connection with Music, obtainable in this country. Amongst the number will be found several of Moore's best songs.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

